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the object of hungering and thirst; ever fresh upon the taste, and ever still desired, whence the royal prophet *Psa. xxiv.* is led to use that exclamation—“*O taste, and see how sweet, how gracious, the Lord is!*”

*He is wisdom, light.* “Let us then, brethren, obey this call, in and life, unto which we are invited to the fountain of life, his people, by [him who is] the life, who is the fountain, not only of living water, but the fountain, also, of eternal life, the fountain of light, and the fountain of illumination; for from him are all these things, wisdom, life, light everlasting. He is the author of life, the fountain of life. He is the Creator of Light, he the fountain of illumination. And, therefore, thinking lightly of the things that are seen, and [“soaring high toward heaven, let us seek to drink like fishes, yet, as fishes endued with the height of reason and sagacity”], of [that] *living water that springeth up unto life eternal.* The preacher “Oh, that thy summons may bring me thither to that fountain, thou God of mercy, grace from thou Lord of goodness; that there, in company with thy thirsty ones, I, too, may drink love the of the living stream of the living fountain of living water! that, so charmed with its exceeding sweetness, I may abide by it for ever, exclaiming, ‘Oh, how sweet is the fountain of living water, whose water never ceases springing up unto everlasting life!’ Thou, O Lord, art that true fountain, for ever and ever to be desired, though [at the same time] ever enjoyed, and ever drunk of. Give to us evermore, O Lord Christ, this water, that it may be in us, also, a well of water living and springing up unto life everlasting. Great, indeed, is the boon I seek for; who can doubt it? But thou, the King of Glory, art wont to give great favours, and hast promised to give them. Nothing can be greater than thyself; and thou hast given thyself to us; thou hast given thyself for us. Grant us, therefore, we beseech thee, that we may know the object of our love; forasmuch as it is nought else beside thyself that we are seeking to have bestowed upon us. For thou art our all, our life, our light, our salvation, our food, our drink, our God. Breathe into our hearts, I pray thee, O our [beloved] Jesus, that inspiration of thy spirit, and wound our souls with thy love, that every heart among us may be able to exclaim *Song of Sol.* with truth, ‘*Show me him that my soul loveth, for I am wounded with love.*’

and to drink “Grant, O Lord, that these wounds may be in me. [For] happy is the soul that is so wounded with love. Such an one seeks the for fresh fountain; such an one drinks of it; yet while drinking, continues ever thirsty; and [at the same time] by its longing desires keeps quaffing on; it drinks unceasingly, by continuing its thirst. Thus, in its love, it is ever seeking after him; and its cure is found in submitting to fresh wounds. And, oh, that these health-giving wounds may penetrate to the inmost recesses of our souls, through the gracious operation of Jesus Christ, our God and Lord, the merciful and wise Physician, who is one with the Father and the Holy Ghost, for ever and ever. Amen.”

[In our next number we hope to give a copy of the celebrated hymn of St. Patrick, the most ancient document extant in the Irish language.]

We shall ever be much more anxious to promote truth, and encourage virtue, than to command admiration, or amuse our readers by originality or fine writing. We shall, consequently, be ready and anxious to reproduce the best things we can command, whether already well known to the studious or not. The truths of astronomy and geometry are just as fresh now as they were in the days of Galileo or Newton; and, as we write for the good of others and not fame for ourselves, we can afford to smile at the fastidiousness of the pendant, or the sneer of the critic. He who would be deterred by such influences, may as well retire from the strife, and leave the field to sturdier spirits. If any of our readers, therefore, are disposed to believe in the omnipotence of literary *novelty*, let them look elsewhere than to us, to gratify their taste. Novel and effective materials for thought we hope to supply as abundantly as the native gold of California or Bathurst, but have neither time nor inclination to waste our energies on the form of the vehicle in which the precious ore is carried forth into the world. We shall make no further apology for reprinting what may be already known to some, but new to a large number of our readers, and which, we hope, will give offence to none of them, as it treats of

#### IRISHMEN'S RIGHTS.

Every man has got his own RIGHTS, except the man that lets them be taken away from him; and it would not be hard to say what the like of such a man is, only that it is not civil to call names. Yet to have some rights, and not to know what they are, is as good as

not having them at all; so I will tell you what some of an Irishman's rights are.

Every man has a right to breath the free air of heaven, at least; and will any one deny that a man has a right to the springs of water from the earth? Who has ever been thirsty on a warm day, and felt the freshening of a good draught from the river as it flows along? Has not every man a right to that? Now, if you will attend to a story, you shall see what all this is driving at.

It was on a hot day in August—suppose we call it the 24th; that was a very hot day once upon a time—some Irish boys were working hard in a dry part of the land where there was no water. The Shannon flowed not far from them; and when they were all dried up with thirst, off they set to quench it at those waters. But they were stopped short of the banks of the river; for the only part they could come at was fenced off with a railing, made of strong posts, very high, with spikes at the top, and a deep ditch to hinder coming near. The poor fellows could see through it, to be sure; so that they could observe that the river was broad, and shone beautifully as it rolled along. There was a gate to this fence, and a priest stood inside to take care of it; but it was bolted and barred, so that nobody could get through to get at the waters of the river.

“Please your reverence,” said one of the boys, “we want a drop of water: sure every Irishman has a right to a sup of the Shannon.”

“Never think of such a thing,” said his reverence; “you are much better without it; it is dirty water, and won't do you any good.”

“Dirty or clean, please your reverence, it will save a man's tongue from burning; and the boys are all dying with drought.”

“Och,” cries another, “look just over the river; there are plenty of them drinking of the waters on the other side.” And so sure enough there were.

“You are mistaken,” said his reverence; “those are nothing but Sassenachs—such water is only fit for heretics.”

“But is a poor Irish Roman to perish for thirst, then,” says Pat, “and the river all flowing before him, enough to make his mouth water, if it was all dried up past watering?”

Hard as they all tried, his reverence would not open the way to the river.

“Is his reverence never thirsty himself,” cried Mick, “that he has no compassion upon the throats of his flock?”

“And don't you know, Mick, that his reverence does not trouble the water when he is thirsty; seeing that he has got a regular supply of the real whisky that has passed the exciseman, besides the occasional drops of poteen? and these last are none of the fewest.”

Now, who shall deny that these poor fellows had a right to a drink of the Shannon, all large, and broad, and deep as it is, so that all the throats in Ireland would never make the sea think it was less of a river, when she kissed its broad mouth between Kerry and Clare? And yet these poor fellows were not the more like to get their right. But presently there was some one seen inside the railings, that would be trying to help the boys in their extremity of thirst. Nobody could tell how he got there; whether he scrambled over the fence, or swam from the other side, or, more likely, dropped down from heaven, sent by the holy and blessed Lord himself. He ran to the river, and dipping his hand in, he brought as much as he could in the hollow of it, and the best of good water it was; and he just handed it over to the first poor fellow that would take it; but the priest ran to stop him; and then he slipped round to the other end, with another handful of clear water; and so he slipped about whilst the priest was in a terrible passion—mad entirely. But some of the poor fellows got a sprinkling; and they that did, found it so refreshing, that nothing would serve them but they must have some more; and so they went higher up, or lower down in the river, however far it might be; and never rested till they came to the place where they could stoop down and drink, and drink, and drink, so that they never thirsted again (John iv. 13, 14); while the poor fellows that stopped outside the priest's railings were left to die; for “never mind,” said the priest, “I'll say a mass for their souls when they are in purgatory; and that will be better than a drop of water to save their lives now.”

I was going to give an explanation of this story; but there is no occasion: for is there ever an Irishman that wants to be told what it means? and why should I waste time to tell him the meaning, when surely its in his heart he feels what it means? And is it not the Lord Jesus Christ himself, blessed be his Holy Name, who has said “If any man thirst, let him come to me and drink?”—John vii. 37. Every man has a right to “take the water of life freely.”

#### HOW IS UNITY TO BE EFFECTED?

If the members of the Church of England and Ireland are ever to be reconciled to the Church of Rome, or those of the Church of Rome to the Church of England, it is obviously to be effected by other means than exciting men's passions against one another. It is easy to

foster and increase prejudice and bad feelings, either in Roman Catholics against Anglicans, or Anglicans against Romanists. Mutual hate, however, is as little likely to promote unity, as penal laws on the one side, or curses and anathemas upon the other. It is high time that such weapons should be laid aside, as unworthy of those engaged in the pursuit of truth; much more of those anxious to follow the example of their great Redeemer, whose advent was announced as “Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good-will towards men.” Let Catholic laymen, of whatever church or form of worship they may be, at least agree henceforth to repudiate and set at nought such irrational and unchristian attempts to prevent the progress of truth, on whichever side it may ultimately prove to be; and let them teach hot-headed zealots and despotic priests, that to succeed in forwarding their respective views, they must yield to the enlightened spirit of the times, and follow the example of the lowly Jesus, whom they all affect to take as their model, and whose glory they desire to promote. As long as we ourselves act on these principles, we fear not what bishops or priests may do in the attempt to put us down by any other means than calm and candid reasoning. Any other attempt, we venture to foretell, will recoil upon themselves, and stimulate, rather than repress, the growing desire to know what others say and think of the momentous matters which are of common interest to all mankind; and to clear up the doubts and suspicions which will intrude on all intelligent and thoughtful minds, whether they confess them, or whether they do not. If the whole Synod of Thurles were to anathematize us, we would tell them they will fail in quenching the inextinguishable craving for light and knowledge on the questions upon which we treat. Irishmen may remain for ever attached to the Church of Rome, but, if they do, they will at least do so, not because they are afraid to examine, or have been dragged into maintaining such union, but because, after examination, they have sincerely come to the conclusion and belief, that there is more truth, more virtue, more learning, more piety in that church, than in any other. From such a decision there would be no appeal. Such a decision would be worthy of a wise, a good, and a free nation. Such a triumph would be the greatest jewel in the tiara of the Pontiff. If he be truly the Vicar of Christ upon earth, and can be proved to be so, we may ourselves be reconciled to his supremacy, and die in his sense of the words Catholic laymen; but, until we are convinced that the Church of Rome is truly an infallible representative of Christ upon earth, we must be allowed to discuss its claims, as becomes freemen enjoying the blessings of a free press, in a free country; and to attempt to deter either us or others from using the rights of freemen, will we venture to predict, injure instead of advancing the cause of those who are mad or desperate enough to resort to such unjustifiable and worn-out means of propping up their cause. We crave the attention of those who may inconsiderately contemplate such a course, to the succeeding article.

#### “THE CURSE CAUSELESS SHALL NOT COME.”

Prov. xxvi. 2.

THE era of burning men's bodies, to save their souls, has passed away for ever. Fire and faggot, we venture to believe, will never again call down the vengeance of heaven: even the voluntary Indian Suttee\* seems fast passing away before the rising dawn of reason in the east. At any rate the day is long passed when Catholics could burn Protestants, or Protestants Roman Catholics, in the equally weak and wicked attempt to compel all human minds to unity of belief and doctrine. If our forefathers, three centuries ago, had studied the Holy Scriptures as carefully and piously as did St. Patrick and St. Columbanus, they would have found there what would have led them to know better. They could not have failed to find that the gracious words of the Saviour of the world savoured of a far different spirit. Blessing, not burning, was the test of his kingdom. When the Samaritan villagers would not receive him, because his face was as though he would go to Jerusalem, James and John said, “Lord, wilt thou that we command fire to come down from heaven and consume them, even as Elias did?” He turned and rebuked them, and said, “Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of, for the Son of Man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them; and they went to another village.”—Luke ix. 52-56. They would have found, and others still may find, in the same Holy Scriptures, if they would but follow the holy examples of the same Patrick and Columbanus in using them, that cursing is no more in accordance with the spirit of Jesus than burning with fire on earth, or calling down fire from heaven. Blessing, not cursing, is the Divine mode of

\* Such of our readers as have access to the *Quarterly Review* for September 1851, No. 178, will find in it an interesting account of this important movement, perhaps the most remarkable recorded in Eastern annals. Within the last seven years, the Hindoos have exhibited, for the first time within historical memory, the phenomena of religious change. For the benefit of such of our readers as may not have access to the original account, furnished by the late Chairman of the Committee of East India Directors, we purpose giving, in our next number, a short epitome of it, containing a brief view of this deeply interesting and almost incredible movement in Hindostan.